

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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GOD'S OWN "QUIET TIME"—AND OURS

By HERMAN F. DE'ATH

IT IS a matter of common knowledge that we live in unquiet and disquieting times. Even the art of being quiet has been well-nigh lost; so that the market place and the halls of amusement are infinitely more popular with mankind than either the quiet solitudes of nature or the sanctuaries of worship.

Yet from the time of Abel, who waited on God at the altar of sacrifice, God has had His consistent observers of the spiritual "quiet time." Nor have such been slow to urge upon their fellows, both by precept and example, the spiritual need and fruitfulness of this means of grace.

Again and again, when the church has lapsed into worldliness and inactivity through the neglect of this "quiet time," God has raised up men and movements to bring about a revival of faith and prayer. "Listening in" to God is, after all, the greatest need of this age.

God knew when He made man just what his several needs would be. Hence He made provision for those needs, spiritual as well as physical. By one great act, God laid the foundation for every "quiet time." His saints have ever employed to seek His Spirit and guidance. "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made." Genesis 2:1-3.

Did God need to rest? How could the

Creator and Upholder of this fathomless universe rest? These questions we cannot answer. Neither do we need to try to answer them. The fact is, God rested; and we are distinctly told in Holy Writ that He benefited by that rest. "He rested, and was refreshed." Exodus 31:17. And knowing as we do the spiritual satisfaction that we enjoy as we contemplate a well-finished task, we can appreciate in some small degree the vast refreshment of spirit that must have come to the Almighty as He surveyed the wonderful works of His hands.

But this was not all. It must be remembered that the character of God is "absolute unselfishness"; hence His desire to pass on to man, His crowning work of creation, the perpetual blessing of His own "quiet time." So after He had rested, He blessed and sanctified the seventh day; that is, He set it apart for a holy use, that the human family week by week, each seventh day, might enter into His rest, and so keep before them the fact that in Him and in Him alone can mankind find true rest.

Throughout the generation of the early patriarchs, God's own "quiet time" was observed and preserved by the loyal and the faithful. Then when His chosen people were disposed to neglect this means of grace and so forget to uphold and proclaim His sovereignty in the earth, He placed the Sabbath command in the bosom of His law, to remind them of their obligation to observe it, and also to pass it on to a lawless, loveless world.

Of course, Israel had other days and periods of rest and quiet, in which all things secular were laid aside and forgotten, but the quiet of the weekly Sabbath was always the root and foundation of Israel's spiritual life. It was basic in

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that it was to be a perpetual reminder that mankind belonged to God by right of creation and by right of redemption. And in the measure that they loved and practiced the spiritual quietness of the day, in that measure they enjoyed true peace and prosperity.

On the other hand, to the extent that they lost their regard for it, to that extent they came to grief. As surely as they allowed worldly thoughts, pursuits, and interests to encroach on God's own "quiet time," so surely did they decline in spiritual power and influence. This their history abundantly proves.

How did Jesus relate Himself to the "quiet time"? That He sensed the spiritual value of frequently drawing aside from the daily conflicts and contacts of a busy life is evident by His own example and by His invitation to His apostles, "Come ye yourselves apart, . . . and rest awhile." Mark 6:31. But what was His attitude toward God's own "quiet time," which formed the basis of the spiritual life of Israel?

Not by the slightest word or act did Jesus convey to His disciples or to His critics the thought that the holy quiet of God's weekly rest day was to pass away. Nor indeed did He so much as hint that the Ten Commandment law given to Israel was inconsistent with His teaching and practice. "Think not," He said, "that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." Matthew 5:17-20.

Every Sabbath Jesus repaired to the synagogue for worship. "He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought

up: and, as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read." Luke 4:16.

Then also the quiet restfulness of the fields would draw Him and His disciples thither for spiritual converse. Matthew 12:1-9.

While anciently the Jews neglected God's holy rest day, and used it for worldly purposes, those of Christ's day sought to make it a burdensome day of exacting petty prohibitions, which tended to rob that blessed institution of its spirituality and its blessing.

The Sabbath was intended by God to fit mankind's varied needs. But the Jews tried to mold it to their petty and narrow restrictions. Hence the words of Jesus, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Mark 2:27.

The Sabbath was designed to be a universal institution, for men of every age, every class, and every color. By precept and example Jesus sought to interpret it as such.

So we find the apostles of Christ preaching His gospel of faith and hope and love; yet true to their Master's teaching, urging upon men the obligation of that law which enjoins love to God and love to man, and which urges upon all honesty, purity, unselfishness, and sincerity.

That law places before us first and foremost our obligation to love God. Why? Because love to God is the one true spring of man's love to man. Hence any means of grace which tends to deepen and strengthen our love toward Him must result in increased love for our fellows.

Right in the bosom of God's law, connecting those precepts which relate to our love to Him with those that relate to our love to man, is the gentle, loving command, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." Exodus 20:8. And why remember it? "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." Verse 11.

That law has never been abrogated or

revealed by any divine authority.

And how shall we keep it? "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth." Isaiah 58:13, 14.

But how are we to know where to draw the line? How are we to distinguish between God's ways, God's pleasure, God's words, and our own?

We know that Jesus was a regular worshiper in the synagogue on the Sabbath. We know that on that day the quiet of the fields and country lanes drew Him thither. And we also know that on that day He carried forward His healing work in behalf of the sick. These three facts alone give us ample guidance in deciding how the day should be spent.

Jesus is our Great Exemplar. As we study His life and teaching, and seek Him in the quiet of our own chamber with sincere desire to know and to do God's will, guidance will come, and, with it, a sense of freedom from all really burdensome and rabbinical restrictions which made the Sabbath so irksome and profitless to the people of Christ's day and generation. So shall we grow in grace and in the knowledge of Him who calls us through His own "quiet time" to higher planes of Christian experience and greater achievements in Christian service.—*Signs of The Times.*

QUIET MOMENTS WITH THE PSALMIST

Psalm 46—Security in God

They say that Psalm 46 was Luther's favorite psalm. Daily during the Diet of Augsburg, he sang its comforting words to his lute, standing before his window, his countenance lifted up to heaven.

The psalm presents a galaxy of pictures in three stanzas with accompanying refrains. (Note the word *Selah* occurring at the points of division in the King

James Version.)

Stanza one (verses 1-3) shows the earth in the grip of a quake, the very mountains being thrown into the sea and the sea and the waves roaring. But in the midst of all the confusion of the elements "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear."

In stanza two (verses 4-7) the violent upheaval of the first picture has given way to a never-failing river, where streams make glad the city of God. It is a picture of refreshing peace. In this city of eternal righteousness, God Himself presides as its protector; and though the heathen rage and kingdoms fall, when He utters His voice, the very earth melts and His people have nothing to fear, for "the Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

Stanza three (verses 8-11) marks a turn in thought. God is presented as the All-powerful; desolations proceed from His hands; wars cease at His command; He is exalted above all else on earth. "Be still [therefore], and know that I am God."

The effect of the pictures presented in the three stanzas is heightened if we read the refrain of verses 7 and 11 also at the close of verse 3, thus closing each stanza with the affirmation of absolute confidence in the security of God.

Never did we need the message of Psalm 46 more than we need it now. Not only are the elements of nature straining at their leash, but the mountains of stable thought are being tossed about, and by many hauled into a sea of doubt. The Christian needs to dwell on the banks of the river of God in the midst of the city of God, where he cannot be moved from the moorings of eternal truth.

Let us then be still and know the Lord. Let us cultivate the habit of holy silence and celebrate its sacrament of peace. Let us leave all with God, knowing that He will show His salvation in time of need. For "the Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

By CHARLES E. WENIGER
in *Signs of the Times.*

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should ask for an enrollment blank and give as reference the name and address of their minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

CORRESPONDENTS

These *regular correspondents* may be adopted after postcard consultation with Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass. This is important and it should be done in order to avoid duplication in arranging for *regular correspondents*.

1. Mrs. Mae Nance, Route 1, Athens, Tenn., has been recommended for membership by another shut-in who has been on our list for eighteen years. Mrs. Nance is 29 years old and has three children, one boy, age 3, and two girls, ages 2 and 4. She is anxious to have a steady correspondence with some other woman who has young children.

2. I am so lonesome for a correspondent, writes Mrs. Arsula Granett, Route 1, Box 178, Dayton, Tenn. Will some good friend please write to a sick and discouraged seventeen-year-old girl? We live away off from anyone and the weeks seem so long waiting for April. It would be nice to receive material for quilt making, old white pieces, pins and powder.

3. I am a young married woman, age 24 years. My husband is a farmer and at work most of the time. Because I get so lonely I just wondered if one of your

workers would care to correspond with me. I like to sew and anything along that line will be more than appreciated. Mrs. Dollie Rogers, Route 2, Box 62, Henderson, Tex.

4. Mrs. Angeline Farmer, Box 117, Rugby Va., is a 54-year-old widow and asks for a regular correspondent. She has two married daughters and one granddaughter. Her letter shows excellent handwriting and the Department feels she would make an interesting correspondent. She is interested in crocheting.

5. Mrs. Earl Travis, Route 1, Box 192, Dayton, Tenn., appeals to us for a regular correspondent. She is 22 years old and has one boy, age 5, and two girls, ages 1 and 3. Her husband is in the hospital and the entire care of the three children keeps her from going anywhere. Receiving cheerful letters occasionally would be a welcome change in her household.

6. I am 54 years old and have a boy, age 24, and a girl, 18. I attend the Baptist Church as often as possible and hope some other church woman will adopt me. I am looking forward to a correspondence and hope I will prove satisfactory. Mrs. Linda Sikes, Route 2, Polkton, N. C.

7. Mrs. Bessie C. Roland, Clifton, N. C., writes a most delightful letter about her community and home life. Her neighbors are good honest people and like to read books but they are not able to buy any. Her favorite work is her garden and house. Living in the mountains one doesn't get a chance to get out and see many places of interest so they are dependent on correspondence and good reading. She has been ill this winter and a regular correspondent will be a good doctor.

8. The reason I would like to correspond with some other lady is that a good letter always cheers me up. Since a child I have loved to read and write and it was my mother's intention to graduate me because I liked school so well. I never got that pleasure because I was obliged to help take care of eight other children. I am 30 years old and have six children, two boys, ages 6 months and 9 years, and four girls, ages 5, 7, 11 and 13. I have been trying to send my two oldest children to school regularly but living so far from the school it is pretty hard for them to attend, so my ambition for an education for them is not working out so well in my own family. Sitting around the open fire with a letter now and then from a good friend would add much joy to this family life. Mrs. Arthur Via, Route 1, Spencer, Va.

9. Mrs. Lucy Welch, Lansing, N. C., is 48 years old and has five children, three boys, ages 17, 25 and 27 and two girls, ages 23 and 29. She lives in a farming community where there is not a whole lot of interesting activity. She asks for a monthly correspondent.

10. Only a kind word in trying to tell you of myself for we live in a lonely place in the woods, six miles out from Dayton. I like to go to Church real often and serve the Lord, but we only have meeting once a month. I am 28 years old and have two boys, ages 3 and 6. I would like a regular correspondent, quilt pieces and reading and the boys would like some pictures and games. Mrs. Frank Stinnett, Route 1, Box 171a, Dayton, Tenn.

APPEALS

These Appeals need not be answered a second time and we ask you not to take them as a *regular correspondent* no matter how appealing the acknowledgment is for the package. For any exception please address this Department.

1. I am 15 years old and finished grammar school last April, and due to financial circumstances I have not been able to attend High School. There are nine of us in the family and while I do keep pretty busy there are always a few moments during the day that I would like to sit down and read or sew. We like to piece quilts and embroider, and any kind of reading for children or grown-ups would mean real joy to this large family. Miss Mabel Vaughn, Route 1, Athens, Tenn.

2. Mrs. Carrie Dollar, Smithport, N. C., is writing for the first time and telling us that she is a farmer's wife and has three children, two boys, ages 9 and 17, and a girl, 16. The children are in school and would welcome any kind of material and Mrs. Dollar would like material for quilt scraps, thread and needles.

3. Please publish my letter so our family will receive some good reading. There are six children, two boys, ages 17 and 22, and four girls, ages 13, 21, 26 and 28. Any sort of embroidery work with the necessary equipment would be an added surprise. Mrs. Walter Sullivan, Whitetop, Va.

4. Mrs. Effie J. Womack, Servilla, Tenn., is a young married woman and appeals to us for reading material.

5. "Please accept me in your Cheerful Letter book" reads a postcard from Mrs. C. E. Wilkey, Route 1, Dayton, Tenn. She is along in years and owing to poor eyesight her husband reads to her when they are able to get any papers or magazines.

6. I am a newly married woman, age 18. We are living with my husband's parents in a small valley about twenty miles from town. We have no friends nearby and I can tell you it gets pretty

lonesome. Will someone please send me some quilt scraps and needlework? Mrs. Annabel Hodges, Copeland, Ark.

7. Mrs. Ruth Clemons, Route 2, Box 134, Bearden, Ark., is 41 years old and has eleven children, but only nine are at home and four of them school age. She is home all day with just her baby and she feels she would like to do a little embroidery or quilting if some kind friend would send her some material. The children could use some school helps and for an added treat some St. Patrick's novelties would give them much pleasure.

8. My poor health does not allow me to do much work and if some good worker would remember me with quilt material, needles and thread it would sure help to pass the lonesome hours. We are in a quiet neighborhood and there is very little to look forward to day after day. Mrs. Alfred Locker, Campbell, Va.

9. Mrs. Belle Tester, Copeland, Ark., is only 56 years old yet she writes that she is getting up in years. Her children are married and gone from home and this tends to make life sad and lonely. Her husband is unable to work and time passes by very slowly. Reading or sewing would brighten this couple's life a great deal.

10. In my family there are four girls, ages 1, 4, 9 and 25; and one boy, age 12. We all have had bad colds and the winter has been a hard one for us and nothing very cheerful looking in the future. Please spread a little cheer over us in the way of sewing materials and amusement for the children. Just to be remembered would gladden our hearts more than I can tell. Mrs. Sam Hill, Route 2, Calhoun, Tenn.

11. Mrs. Etta Davis, Comet, N. C., is interested in the Cheerful Letter Exchange only her contacts have been very few so far. Just now she is making hooked rugs and begs us for some material to continue same. Also some heavy thread would be handy.

12. My husband died and left me very sad and lonely here in the world. I am 55 years old and have ten children—20 to 40 in age. Please send me some

sewing material so I can get my mind off my troubles, and any short stories. Mrs. Laura Stamper, Route 1, Box 23, Whites-top, Va.

13. We have just moved to a strange country and I don't know anyone and believe me it is sure lonesome. My husband has a job, which I am thankful for, but I find it so quiet in this new neighborhood. May I have some books and sewing material to turn to in my leisure hours? They would make me think of the Cheerful Letter Exchange and how generous the workers are to shut-ins like myself. Mrs. J. C. Russell, Route 3, Box 236, Parkdale, Ark.

14. "Will you admit a lonely widow in your friendly circle," writes Mrs. J. M. Brazzeal, Carrollton, Ala. I am 62 years old and live far out in the country and find it extra hard to make a living. Some crochet patterns, thread and needles would add cheer to my lonesome life and any kind of sewing can be included.

GARDEN BUGS

RECIPE for a flower garden: A plot of ground that's a lot bigger than it looks, assorted seeds that promise to come up and sometimes break their promises; a backache from weeding, a sunburned neck, an army of insects, vast amounts of elbow grease and perspiration.

As spring rears its head, this formula will agitate a garden-crazed countryside.

Meanwhile, the experts who have spent a hard winter gathering their advice into convenient form to place before the gardening public are lifting the flood-gates. For the conscientious amateur, they recommend that preparations start in the earliest spring, when it's still impossible to get a pitchfork into the ground. The truly ambitious grower will gather to his bosom little boxes of sand and a goodly number of seeds, preferably perennials. Into the boxes will go the seed for careful nurturing in the bright sunlight. Safe from the cold lashings of early spring, the seedlings will wax fat and grow to such proportions that they can burgeon swiftly when transplanted outdoors later.

For those who don't want boxes of wet

sand and earth around the house, there remain hotbeds—not of radicalism, but of good rich manure. To construct: Dig a pit of the size desired to a depth of six feet, plant stakes at convenient distances and nail four boards to the stakes to form a rectangular box. To top this, a glass cover should be designed, preferably a movable one, so that it may be raised or lowered to regulate the temperature.

When this has been accomplished, lay a layer of fresh horse-manure to a depth of two feet, and atop this place from four to six inches of sifted rich soil. Now the bed is all ready for nurturing spoiled little seedlings for which nothing is too good.

Should a delicate zinnia spend its childhood in the hotbed, it's usually a good idea to give it a taste of the cold-frame before exposing it to the winds that blow. Cold-frames vary from their warmer brothers only in that they are surface structures—built without recourse to pit-digging, just on the level of the ground. Naturally, in these frames, the seedlings are going to get more of a real taste of the weather. To guard against sudden shocks, the solicitous gardener will raise and lower the glass top of the cold-frame to expose the plant to the noon rays of the sun, and protect it from the damp mists after the sun goes down.

As the weather grows warmer, the gardener peers anxiously at the sky. Should he transplant now—or should he wait? If he waits too long, the plant probably will commit *hara-kiri* rather than make the adjustment to the rigors of nature. If he plants too soon, the fussy little thing may obstinately collapse under the strain of harsh weather.

"Know your locale," say the experts. "Make sure you have sufficiently warm weather before you transplant."

But while the gardener is making up his mind about what should be transplanted, and when, he has to face other problems. What is he going to do about the insects that are ready to attack his plants and shrubs with ravenous appetites? If he's really alert, he'll be on

deck the first week in March renewing the gluey bands around his trees to stop the canker-worms.

With the coming of April, he will shift from canker prevention to pruning, to make sure that dead, diseased canes don't remain on the trees as breeding hangouts for pests. He will go over his hollyhocks with sulfur, spray his peonies with Bordeaux and clean out tent-caterpillar nests. By May, he will be so busy dusting and spraying it will seem as if he will have little time to enjoy the fruits of his labors, now shaping into tulips, early roses and poppies.

To prevent any such tragedy, an approximate calendar has been worked out whereby slaving gardeners will be able to enjoy the fruits of their labors:

APRIL: Plant blue morning-glory, aster, zinnia, annual larkspur. Plant perennials—delphinium, Oriental poppy. Plant sweet peas, and restrain the temptation to set out annuals because it's still too early.

MAY: Move wintered plants from hotbeds and cold-frames into the open. Plant the annuals that have been waiting impatiently since April and get the summer-blooming bulbs—gladioli, triglochia, montbretia into the ground. Then, with aching back, set out the dahlia roots.

JUNE: Replace all the seeds that have gone down in the struggle, and get the rest of the transplanting done. Then, as a thoughtful gardener, get next year's perennials in—hollyhocks, sweet William, fox-gloves, columbine.

JULY: Because of the heat, no planting should be done except for pansy and viola seed and Canterbury bells. The Oriental poppies that have flowered and gone their way should be divided up and moved.

With a guide to four of the most active months of the gardening year, the amateur should be able to regulate his plans, especially if he has thought out his campaign carefully—the one by which he intends to win that garden club prize.

Literary Digest.

DOLL DAY

HINA MATSURI, Third Day of the Third Moon, was March 3 in the modern calendar of Nippon, Annual Festival of Dolls, or little Japanese girls' gala day.

All adult Japan gave itself wholly to delighting and amusing, not to say adorning, the girlhood of the Nation.

Like gay butterflies in their best heavy silk kimonos, little women fluttered from house to house all day calling on the dolls of their friends. At each door, they stepped out of their clacking *zori* (wooden sandals) and trotted in their white *tabi* (sockettes with the big toe separated like the thumb of a mitten) into the big room where the family collection of dolls was displayed. In wonder, they gaped up the stepped shelves to the top step where, in each collection, an Emperor and Empress in period costumes sat enthroned.

Work of a master and of fantastic value they were, if the family was wealthy. Almost every household had a better Emperor and Empress than it could well afford.

On the lower steps, in the order of their rank, postured the court hierarchy, court ladies, court nobles, officials, minstrels and dancers, in the traditional costumes of old Japan. No dolls to be fondled and handled were these.

"How true they are!" "How correct the dress!" "Precisely the costume for the season." "Exactly the period." "How rightly the rank is indicated!"

Thus, in strangely formal language for children, they commented as little adult connoisseurs. Then, in most homes, they seated themselves in a row on the floor before the display, as "guests of the dolls."

Whether peasant's wife or princess of the blood, the mother of the household served them a miniature snack in doll-dishes scarcely larger than thimbles, dishes so small the ends of the chop-sticks would hardly go in them. As a special holiday treat, she poured a midget bowl of *sake* (rice wine).

Talk is all of little girls and of dolls and—since this is March—of the other

great feature of Japan's spring, the opening of Nippon's more than 100 varieties of cherry-blossoms, which make cherry-blossom clouds of great stretches of country.

Some one always repeats the famous *uta*, ancient classic verse, on the Soul of the *Samurai*:

"If one asks: 'What of the Soul of Yāmato?'"

"Behold the mountain-cherry scenting the light of morn."

Meaningless it may be to Occidentals; but little Japanese girls understand that as the cherry-blossoms know when to flutter to earth, so the *Samurai* knew when to die.

Enormous place in the emotional life of Japanese families is given to these doll collections; and on *Hina Matsuri*, except for the cherry-blossoms, they monopolize the front pages of the press. Wars, cabinet crises, finance and crime are, with complete unanimity, relegated to inside pages.

When daughters are born—even the Imperial Princesses Shigeko, now eleven; Princess Kazuko, eight; Princess Atsuko, six—gifts of formal dolls are given while they are still infants in arms. Such extravagant prices are paid for them that it is a byword that a Japanese family ruins itself for dolls and funerals.

In wealthy families, the collections are of great value; that of the Count Ogasawara family is estimated as worth between \$50,000 and \$70,000.

Makers of the dolls have standing in Tokyo equivalent at least to that of premier Paris dressmakers, a tradition not immediately understood by Occidentals, and occasion of frequent droll misunderstanding.

Shogun Keiki presented a doll collection of fantastic value to visiting Occidental royalty who, unaware that the gift was the deepest reverence the Shogun could make, accepted the dolls as minor curios. And even today, Japanese gentlemen present \$50 or \$60 dolls to little British or American girls, only to hear with horror a week later that undressing,

dressing, bathing, feeding and repeated puttings-to-bed and spankings have caused them to fall apart.

Hina Matsuri is over for this year. Little Japanese boys will have their day on May 5, *Tango-no-Sekku* (boys' festival of flags), with warrior-dolls, heroes of legend in armor, martial flags and streamers.—*Literary Digest*.

"SERVICE"

By HERMANN HEGEDORN

"There are strange ways of serving God:
You sweep a room or turn a sod,
And suddenly, to your surprise,
You hear the whirr of seraphim,
And find you're under God's own eyes,
And building palaces for Him."

ROUND THE CORNER

IN THE *New Yorker* recently there was a veracious little story about the school for drivers of the Madison Avenue buses. It appears that new drivers have to undergo several weeks of instruction before they are allowed on the regular run. There was one man lately who was held back by the instructor and made to repeat the whole course. In his report to the office the instructor said that the novice knew all about the mechanics of driving. His only fault was that every time he started the bus in first gear he would cry: "Hold fast!" and then, as the bus gathered speed, he would give a joyful shout: "Here we go!"

Doubtlessly bus passengers have to be protected from undue excitement; but I have profound sympathy for that driver. I have so often felt as he felt and have so often said—in other words perhaps—just what he said. Not on the road; but in my own study. Not to anyone else; but to myself, when—so to speak—I am driving the bus of my own work. And since the best sermon a man ever preaches is the one he first has preached to himself, I have told myself that there are moments when the only thing to do is to hold fast with the hope that very soon it will be possible to say: Here I go!

And so far as preaching to other people

is concerned, I find myself more and more agreeing with a distinguished teacher of religion, who is fond of saying to young men that real preaching is saying in the name of God things which those who hear them cannot deny; things which are already being said or can be said by the deeper selves of those hearers and therefore cannot honestly be disputed; and two of these indisputable things are these: First, "It is always possible to hold out a little longer." Second, "You never know what is round the corner."

What a shining phrase is written in the New Testament: "patience of hope." No dull thing is such patience, but a fine quality of endurance. In so many circumstances we are tempted to give up just a little too soon. We are in a dark and difficult place; and the one thing that matters is that we should simply hold on and affirm to our souls: It is always possible to hold on a little longer. And then we discover that the great thing in any experience is not what happens to us, but what comes forth from us to meet the happening. Our resources prove deeper than we had feared. The unbearable thing becomes bearable. Even the worst turns to the best; and we can live as those who know that something wonderful often lies round the corner. So there is strengthening counsel in the jesting story. For us it shall be Holding fast, for Here we go!

REV. VIVIAN T. POMEROY, D.D.

OVERHEARD IN AN ORCHARD

Said the robin to the sparrow,
"I should really like to know
Why these anxious human beings
Rush about and worry so."

Said the sparrow to the robin,
"Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no Heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me."

Elizabeth Cheney.

The sun shines after every storm; there is a solution for every problem, and the soul's highest duty is to be of good cheer.

—Emerson.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE GLIDER MODEL

By HELEN EUGE MARSHALL

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Douglas Walsh frowned, though his mouth was full of gumdrops. Rags, his pet Airedale, looked sympathetically into his master's face, as though he sensed trouble. "Gimini crickets! What am I goin' to do?" he muttered, half in his thoughts and half out loud, as he gave the garage door a kick. "Here my name's been entered in the 'Thunder an' Lightnin' Glider Contest, 'n' Rusty Clark has to quit me cold after we've got our plans 'n' drawings all made."

"What're you going to do?" came a voice from the back yard. Presently Muriel, his ten-year-old sister, stood at the open garage door. "Why,—make the glider model yourself, and if you win the prize, you won't have to split with Rusty or anyone else."

"Yeah,—a lot a girl knows about making gliders!" scorned Douglas, who was always ready to pick an argument. "The contest's only a month off 'n' it will take two fella's working day 'n' night to get our model ready. So much gluin' 'n' sewin'. Wing span better'n four feet."

Douglas' voice seemed to choke and the light died out of his clear blue eyes. He sighed.

Mr. Bronson, the President of the "Mile-High Glider Club," offered twenty-five dollars in cash, and a beautiful cup, to the child who would make the best glider model; not to mention a long ride in an aeroplane over Denver. The prizes did not interest Douglas as much as the aeroplane ride. This was a chance of a lifetime, he had thought.

He had always been interested in aviation and had made several aeroplane models. However, he was thrilled when he had learned of the glider-model contest. "Some day," he had thought, "I'll be among the thousands of Americans who'll be flying without motors. No telling, maybe I'll be connected with a Company, turning out motorless craft for

sale." His thoughts seemed to run away with him.

"Oh, cheer up, Doug," Muriel soothingly suggested. "I'll help you. Honest I will and—"

"A girl help build a glider!" scoffed her brother. "A lot you know about tools. You'd tell on me every time I'd do something you didn't like. Then—"

"No, I—I wouldn't," she promised. "Really I could help a lot."

Douglas could not deny that he needed help and needed it badly. Drawing up the plans was really the smallest part of the job. He would just have to have help after school hours, if he hoped to finish for the contest.

"Oh, very well," Douglas said condescendingly. "You can run errands for me, but remember, Sis, I'm the boss. See?"

Muriel eagerly agreed to everything. Douglas hoped that no one would pass by their yard and discover a girl handling his tools.

The work of the glider progressed very slowly, because Douglas cut his right thumb from the very first and had to wear a bandage on it. He was forced to allow Muriel to do more of the gluing than he really had intended. Sewing the wing was more difficult than he thought it was going to be.

Douglas was so well impressed with Muriel's knowledge of things that he thought he might as well let her finish sewing the wing. Because her stitches were so even, he trusted her with the sewing of the other wing and the tail pieces.

Muriel did her work so well and faithfully that Douglas was surprised to have the model ready for the finishing touches four days before the contest closed.

The two were so proud of the trial flights. "Look at 'er go!" exclaimed the happy boy one day, as their glider, which gleamed like silver in the spring sunlight, circled gracefully across the back yard and landed on its skids in the pansy bed. "This is the real worm's eyebrow, now isn't it?"

Muriel nodded her approval.

"But there's a little too much weight on the right," he explained as he adjusted the position of the balancer which he designed for the glider.

Succeeding glides helped him to improve the balance.

The next day, the day before the contest, the glider was ready to be marked and taken to the Civic Center, where all of the glider models were to be on display. "A beauty," Douglas told himself. "All ready for my name. Can't put Muriel's name on too,—not for the contest. The fella's would laugh at me. But I'll share the prize with her if we're lucky enough to win."

Carefully he took a tiny oblong card and printed his name on it. Then he glued it to the front of the glider.

When Muriel came home from school a few minutes later, she ran to get one last look at their glider before Douglas took it to contest headquarters.

"Do you know," she exclaimed breathlessly, as she rushed through the door, "Rusty Clark has gone and made a glider after all,—and from the same plans. Oh, I see you've put the card on it." Then she stopped abruptly.

(Concluded next month)

THE SECRET

By HARVEY PEAKE

A Robin Redbreast told a bud,
And the bud then told the tree,
While the tree bent down and whispered
it
To a blade of grass, you see.

A breeze which chanced to pass that way
Paused long enough to hear,
Then spread the secret everywhere,
Which was, "The Spring is here!"

Repeating matches have been developed in Sweden. Strike the match, light a cigarette, blow out the flame. Put the burned match in your pocket and when you want another light, strike it again. It will surprise you by flaring up a second time.

PUZZLES

Charades

1. My first is a color, an arm and a tree,
My last may alarm or invite,
My whole is so noisy, for quiet I flee,
Such confusion is reason for flight.
2. My first is the mightiest word that I
know;
My last is a vessel that ne'er sailed
the sea,
But its cargo is carried by all winds
that blow;
My whole's a supporter the artists
agree.—By Helen A. Sibley.

Hidden Trees

1. Did you know that Will owns a horse?
2. This pin equals an iron bar in
strength.
3. We heard the croak of a raven.
4. Steam engines propel many boats.
5. It appeared to me that he was false.
6. Philip, each one of your sums is
wrong.
7. The plumes of Creecy round him
waved.—From *The Beacon*.

Answers to Last Month's Riddles

1. Hair, hare, hair's breadth.
2. Bit.
3. Stocks.

A SHOCKING CHILD.—There had been several earthquake shocks in a certain district. So a married couple sent their little boy to an uncle who lived out of the danger-zone.

A few days later they received this telegram:

"Am returning your boy. Send earthquake."—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution*.

DOUBTING THOMAS. — The one-ring circus was visiting a town in the hills. The folks there recognized all the instruments of the band except the slide trombone.

One old settler watched the player for quite some time, then said:

"There's a trick to it; he ain't really swallerin' it."—*Bronx (N. Y.) Home News*.

COMMUNION WITH GOD

A man was at work at the top of a telegraph pole at a very busy and noisy street corner. From time to time his mate below sent up in a little carrier just the very article he needed. The two worked together in such complete harmony that the attention of passers-by was attracted. What was the secret understanding between the two? It was soon noticed that the man on the pavement had a little telephone receiver clamped to his ear. He was in constant communication with the one who was doing the work.

"It is God that worketh." Yet He needs us. We are only effective fellow workers with Him if we are ever listening to His voice. We must be "in tune" or we shall not hear.—A. E. RICHARDSON.

NOT LOST.—All through a baseball game an enthusiast had loudly urged the home-team on to victory. Finally he turned to his pal and said: "I believe I've lost my voice for the moment."

"Don't worry," was the reply, "you'll find it in my left ear."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

Life is like a journey
Taken on a train
With a pair of travelers
At each window pane.
I may sit beside you
All the journey through,
Or I may sit elsewhere
Never knowing you.
But if fate should mark me
To sit by your side,
Let's be pleasant travelers,—
It's so short a ride.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MISS ANNA E. SIBLEY, *Chairman*, 82 Browne Street, Brookline, Mass.

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Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

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